

10.4.2.28. A
NARRATIVE
OF AN
EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE
OUT OF THE
HANDS OF THE INDIANS,
IN THE
GULPH OF ST. LAWRENCE;

INTERSPERSED

With a Description of the Coast, and Remarks on the Customs and Manners
of the Savages there:

ALSO,

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE after a SHIPWRECK, in coming from
the Island St. JOHN, in said Gulph; with an Account of the Fisheries
round that Island.

LIKEWISE,

A PLAN for reconciling the Differences between Great Britain and her
Colonies.

By GAMALIEL SMETHURST,

Late Member of the Assembly for the County of Cumberland, in the Province of Nova-Scotia, Comptroller of
his Majesty's Customs for said Province, Deputy-Surveyor of the Woods, &c.

—“ The poor Beetle that we tread upon,
“ In corp’ral sufferance, finds a pang as great
“ As when a giant dies.”

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N:

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M, DCC, LXXIV.

against the spring fishery, upon the beach, (as my vessel was full)—this was destroyed in the winter. I am afraid this step originated from selfish motives, not the consideration of the public good; for I read a letter from Captain M'Kenzie, commanding officer of Fort Cumberland, to Jean Baptiste, a principal person there, offering supplies of all kinds, such as powder, shot, blankets, provisions, &c. and that they *should not be disturbed*, provided they would bring their beaver to Fort Cumberland. These people would have been very useful, and I would have made it their interest to have been very good subjects, had Government thought proper to let them remain in the Bay of Chaleurs.

THIS bay is situated on the west side the gulph, before you enter the great river St. Lawrence—The north side of this bay is formed by the islands Bonaventure and Pierce; the south side by the island and Point Miscou—This is low flat land, and continues so all the way up the bay—Some vessels have mistaken the Bay of Chaleurs for the river St. Lawrence; but the difference is very great—This bay is only seven leagues over, and the land on the south side exceeding low, and shoal water—A league or more from the shore, you have not above five fathoms water—On the contrary, the river St. Lawrence is fifteen leagues over, the south side exceeding high land and very deep water.

To this great river St. Lawrence, I ascribe the forming of those vast banks off Newfoundland—The current is so strong in the river and gulph, that the sand cannot settle, but to the leeward of islands; or where there is an eddy, which prevents it from stopping in any quantities, till the water has passed the

freights

straights of Bellisle, one way, and island of Briton and gut of Canfo, on the other. If one considers the vast extent of shore the lakes of this river washes, it must bring down more sand than any other river in the world, which causes the lips of the mouths of this surprising river to be proportionably large. So the Bahama banks, I apprehend, are formed by the sand brought along with the gulph stream, lodging in the eddies back of the island of Cuba.

THE following remarks were taken down every night in short hand, which was my constant practice when I was upon any expedition—I chuse to deliver my journal just as I then wrote it, and leave every reader to make his own remarks; preferring simple truths before the embellishments and colourings of the best writers—The judicious will see that this piece is intended as a *sketch*, (to speak in the style of the artists) a *drawing* only—as such it is offered.

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A N A R-

A NARRATIVE, &c.

JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, October 29, 1761.

L EFT Nipisiquid, in the Bay of Chaleurs. Capt. M'Kenzie, with about fifty Highlanders, had just arrived to remove the people: he took them all unexpectedly; they were very unwilling to be removed. He took about one hundred and eighty persons, with all their vessels, to the number of eleven sloops and shallops. We came out with them in the evening; it was calm, and we were obliged to tow—Got out of the channel. By the obstinacy and confusion of the captain of my brigantine, though I had a French pilot on board, who told us we were too much to the northward, got upon a bank. As it was top of spring-tides, our captain said we should never get off: he seemed frightened out of his senses—Parted with our pilot—He must go with the rest of the French.

FRIDAY, October 30.

In the morning I went ashore in the boat—took my papers and trunks along with me—went to find a lighter in order to unload the vessel so much as to lighten her to float—found one—said to keep her afloat when the tide should come in—sent the men on board for fear they should be wanted, (the night's tide had been a very low one). Towards noon it began to blow fresh

at north-west. About two o'clock saw the brig was got off, but no boat came for me: she tacked all the afternoon, as if to get to windward and come to, but in the evening she bore away. For what reason they did not come ashore for me, cannot account—suppose some accident happened. I was left in a very disagreeable situation. What few French staid behind, were on the other side the bay, and are irritated to the last degree against the English, for the step they have taken to remove their friends from their habitations at this season of the year, and the savages are no friends at all to the English. I was on the south side the harbour—There came a canoe with Indians in the evening—looked about them and walked off. I durst not appear, not knowing what disposition they were in. I staid all night in one of their hovels—durst not make a fire for fear of discovery.

SATURDAY, October 31.

LOOKED impatiently all day—no vessel appeared in sight—The wind north-west, brisk breeze, but did not blow over-hard—Killed a few ortolans, and dressed them—Some of the inhabitants came searching for little things amongst the rubbish—one of them promised to take me off in the evening to the habitations of the French on the other side the bay, but did not—Lodged very uncomfortably—slept little—made no fire at night.

SUNDAY, November 1.

WAS not without hopes of seeing the brig—she may have put into Port Daniel, and waiting an opportunity of coming up. Mr. Charles Dugas, who is very sick, sent for me—I went to his house—In the evening came back for my trunks—Some persons had attempted to open them both, but had not forced the locks.

MONDAY, November 2.

MADE an agreement with Capt. Andrews, an Indian, to take me down to Caraqueet, in a canoe. In the afternoon came in Mr. Dugas' brother from Ristigouch—they behave very civilly to me. Mr. Dugas' brother intends to

go to Fort-Cumberland when the frost sets in, but I am in hopes of reaching it before that time; at least to hear of the brig along shore, if I can get a conveyance—The Indian Andrews refuses to go.

T U E S D A Y, November 3.

THERE came a skiff in here from Port Daniel—the people saw nothing of the brig, which convinces me she is gone out of the bay—Agreed with the people of the skiff to take me down to Caraquet, twelve leagues—gave them fifty-six livres.

W E D N E S D A Y, November 4.

TOWARDS noon, set out from Nipisiquid, in company with three Frenchmen; they all look like run-aways; who dare not go to their own country—they belong to Old France—I find they have not made their submission to the English government. The wind was too much to the northward, as the master said, to proceed—We only went over the bay to the deserted huts—they staid to pick up what they could find—they stole about a bushel of salt from one family who had not removed all their things over the bay—this confirms me in opinion that they are rogues. Captain M'Kenzie had not taken all the Acadians—there were some women lying in, so he must leave some to take care of them; others were sick, and could not be removed. Those who remained had gone over the bay into the woods, for the sake of fire during the winter. The Acadians make themselves a winter house in two or three days—They cut down a number of pine trees, suitable to the occasion—square them, and place them one upon another, fastening them with trunnels, and fill the crevices with moss; the chimney they secure with clay—they cover their houses with slabs and bark—they are very good broad axe men.

T H U R S D A Y, November 5.

As we sailed all night, got down to Caraquet, twelve leagues, by morning. It was a very cold disagreeable night. Old Saint Jean condoled with me upon the occasion, but would not buy any thing I had, to raise a little money; unless

I would sell them for a quarter their value—Sold him nine shirts, and some silver lace for a trifle. This man is a native of Old France—married an Indian, and has lived here near fifty years. His son, who is half Indian, called Jean Baptist, has married an Indian also. I have traded considerably with him—got him to procure two Indians to go with me to Fort Cumberland in a canoe—He did so, and we agreed for 140 livres, (provided we could get the consent of their tribe)—I thought, if possible to get to Mirimichi, (the last French settlement); if not, to Fort Cumberland before the frost sets in—Left my large trunk with Jean Baptist.

F R I D A Y, November 6.

Put myself into the hands of the Indians. There was an old Indian Squaw, with one eye, and her two great sons: they were of the Pookmoosh tribe of Mickmacks—We embarked in a canoe—set our blanket-sail about eleven o'clock—reached Chipagon in the afternoon—this is three leagues from Caraque—staid here all night. Captain M'Kenzie had been here, and taken some of the inhabitants—there remains about six families—lay in one of their huts.

S A T U R D A Y, November 7.

To day the wind being contrary, the savages would not proceed—the land continues very low, fit for improvements—Chipagon is a good harbour for fishermen, well secured.

S U N D A Y, November 8.

AFTER dinner we set off from Chipagon, three miles from thence—came to a portage—we are now got into the bay of the gulph of St. Lawrence. There is a passage at Chipagon for small craft, that do not draw above five or six feet of water. Most of the French shallops, with Captain M'Kenzie, went this way. One of the Indians carried the bark canoe, the other carried the blankets, guns, and paddles, while the squaw carried the kettle to cook in, with birch bark, and other small things. After we had walked a league further, we pitched our tent for all night—Lay upon our mother's lap (the earth)—I was under some apprehensions

prehenensions at first, as I had never travelled with Indians before; however, I behaved as if I was not the least afraid. The place we lay at, is six miles from Chipagon.

M O N D A Y, November 9.

ALL this part of the country very low marshy land, full of inlets, where are salt marshes, and abundance of lakes, with vast quantities of wild fowl. Our Indians did not stop to kill any. About noon, arrived at Pookmoosh—here are five or six large cabins of Indians—Their chief called a council upon my coming amongst them—they had just signed a treaty with the English, which I knew; but they said the English had deceived them, by telling them it was peace, whereas the French tell them it is war still. They said the English were a very cunning people, for I had been pretending to trade with the French at Nipisiquid, and had collected them together, and the English came with a net and caught them all. They enquired how I was armed, (my sword happened luckily to be broke the day before with a fall, and my fusée was only a fowling piece;) I had a pistol in my pocket, which I did not let them see, for fear of fresh grounds of suspicion. In answer to what they said, I told them it was war still with the French, but peace with the Indians; that the people I had been trading with, had made their submission, and were English subjects. I made the squaw of the chief a present of some trifles, such as ribbons, &c. This I believe, was as strong an argument as any I used, to procure me an order that the young men should go forward with me on the morrow; though, had they thought I had been any ways concerned with Captain M'Kenzie in removing the French, they would have cut me to pieces; but this point I had taken care that Jean-Baptist cleared up to the two Indians and the squaw, before we left Caraqueet. I lodged in a wigwam—ten or a dozen men, women and children all together round a fire—lay upon branches of spruce, and covered with blankets—the fire in the middle of the wigwam—There is a hole at top which lets out the smoke—this a very large cabin—it would hold twenty people—it was hung round with fish, cut into shreds—they preserve their fish,

THURSDAY

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their geese, and their game, in that manner without salt—they take the bones out, and cut the flesh very thin; then dry it in the smoak for their winter's provision—The name of the chief is Aikon Aufhabuc *. Such were our boasted ancestors, the Britons, when Julius Cæsar first landed upon our Island.

T U E S D A Y, November 10.

ABOUT noon my guides came fresh painted, and we parted from Pookmoosh; and glad I was to get rid of a people who had such absolute power in their own hands, and bore such an enmity to the English. It was a fine day, and we coasted this afternoon thirty miles upon these inland salt lakes. This country is so full of the finest conveniencies possible for canoes, that it must blow a perfect storm to disturb them; and the water not above two or three feet deep—Came to a portage—lay upon a plain beach, on the cold ground to night; it snowed very much.

W E D N E S D A Y, November 11.

THIS proved a very rainy boisterous day—a great storm at east—lay by all day—was very wet, and very uncomfortable—my bread all gone; and I had nothing to live upon, but some fish smoaked in the manner just mentioned—no salt—no liquor of any kind, but water. I durst not carry any strong liquor with me, for the Indians would not have stirred till they had drank all out; and they do things in their liquor they would not do when sober.

* As I did not understand Indian they appointed an Interpreter, who spoke broken French; besides, a person in such a situation as I was then in, is very quick of apprehension; a look or a gesture is often sufficient intimation of their thoughts. They were very shrewd in their remarks, and significant in their signs. When they wanted to inform me that the French and them were in one interest, they said they were /o, (pointing the same way with the forefingers of their right and left hands, and holding them parallel); and when, that the English and Indians were in opposite interests, this they described by crossing their forefingers. Their chief made almost a circle with his forefinger and thumb, and pointing at the end of his forefinger, said there was Quebec, the middle joint of his finger was Montreal, the joint next the hand was New-York, the joint of the thumb next the hand was Boston, the middle joint of the thumb was Halifax, the interval betwixt his finger and thumb was Pookmoosh, so that the Indians would soon be surrounded, which he signified by closing his finger and thumb.

THURSDAY,

T H U R S D A Y, November 12.

T H E storm continues, which has drove all the game away—Killed two or three sea-gulls, these I broiled and eat without any sauce, but a good appetite—We removed from off the beach over the lake.

F R I D A Y, November 13.

B L O W S as hard as ever, or rather more severe—could not stir out—very wet and cold, especially at nights.

S A T U R D A Y, November 14.

T H E storm does not abate. There came to us two canoes, with six Indians in them—one a very furly fellow, was prompting my guides to mischief—continually talking against the English—said they wanted the land from the Indians, and that I came to see how they might conveniently be attacked. I thought it best to put a good face upon the matter; not to seem afraid, or lose any of my importance. I told them, it was true my life was in their power; but if any accident happened to me, the English would destroy their whole tribe.

S U N D A Y, November 15.

T H E storm increases. The neck of land where we had lodged, that parts the land from the sea, was overflowed, which raised the lake, and set our things a swimming. We removed further up into the woods. I have not had dry cloaths since Tuesday night—Endeavoured to keep up the spirits of the Indians, who, I found, were for returning to Pookmoosh the first opportunity; and as we were only five or six leagues from a French settlement, wanted much to get out of the hands of the Indians—Promised them the whole wages to carry me to Merrimichi.

M O N D A Y, November 16.

T H E storm was still violent; and what was worse, our provisions are expended, except the skin of one fish: nor had the Indians who came to us any thing left. We might justly be said to "eat to live, and not live to eat;" yet a small piece of the fat of the fish, without any dressing, keeps me from being

excessive hungry, which I attribute to my not using any salt so long; so had not any thing to irritate the coats of my stomach—I perceive myself growing very weak.

T U E S D A Y, November 17.

THE storm still continues—have not seen sun, moon, or stars, this seven days—Took a resolution all of us to remove to an Indian camp, about six miles from hence, up the country; but such a road sure never was travelled before—mid-leg deep in water—sometimes crossed brooks up to the middle; some fallen trees and thick underwood made it as bad as possible. I was prodigiously fatigued, as were two of the Indians—we were four hours in getting there. Upon our arrival we found the Indians had deserted their wigwams; but there was a good covered cabin. In another hut we found some fish and dried geese: I took two of the geese, and paid five shillings sterling to one of the savages, who said he knew the person they belonged to. I did this, that the savages might entertain a good opinion of their new allies the English. The savages took fish without ceremony, as their custom is to go into huts, and help themselves to any thing they can find—to eat and drink, without saying one word—Made a large fire, and expect to lie dry to-night, which I have not done these eight nights past.

W E D N E S D A Y, November 18.

LAST night proved a cold dry night—the weather moderate—went back the way we came to our canoe, where we had left our baggage—arrived there about twelve o'clock; and wet as I was, immediately embarked, and with a fair wind reached Merrimichi about six o'clock. I was obliged to be carried out of the canoe into a hut, to warm and dry myself; for I had almost lost the use of my limbs with sitting steady in a bark canoe six hours, wet up to the middle.

T H U R S D A Y, November 19.

LODGED last night in a poor Frenchman's hut—lay upon the floor all night by the fire—he had no bed but one in the same room, and that his family lay

in;

in—rested very comfortably. About midnight a young man came to me from his father, with offers of service: his name is Brusar, but they generally call him Beausoleil; he brought me a bottle of rum and some flour—was extremely kind to me. In the morning the old man came himself—brought me pork, and other necessaries. He is the most considerable person here—had been a great partizan—was one of the French neutrals who were removed to Carolina—made his escape by land to Mississippi, and travelled 1400 leagues to recover his native country. These people have been great enemies to the English; however, I shall never forget the great obligations I owe to Brusar, for his present kindness to me. He told me of a vessel about three leagues from this place, belonging to Nipisiquid, that had stopt during the late bad weather, and he was very certain she was not gone. This news was extremely agreeable to me. I sold Brusar several things—some muslin neckcloths, more of my shirts, with some gold lace, in order to pay the savages, according to my promise. I paid them the whole money, as if they had carried me to Fort Cumberland, although we are not above half way. The Frenchmen endeavoured to prevent me paying them so much—said, They extorted the promise from me in the late bad weather, for fear of their returning back to Pookmoosh: so it was prudent at that time to encourage them with a prospect of a large reward, which I had no occasion now to comply with—I considered, however, as the English had but very lately made a treaty with them, I would convince them they regarded their words. For the Indians never consider individuals; if any person does them an injury, or favour, they charge the whole nation with it. This should be a standing caution to our Indian traders, to deal honestly with them, otherwise they may bring on a public calamity.

F R I D A Y, November 20.

Mr. BRUSAR procured me a large log canoe, with three men, to go in search of the vessel. This country is all low land—very full of islands and creeks—water carriage throughout; lurking places for Indians—Unless we can civilize them, they will retard the settlement of this part of the world greatly. The

Frenchman where I lodged, and most of the village, set off this morning for Point Misou, to hunt sea-cows for their oil, which they make use of in winter instead of butter.—About noon proceeded with the Frenchmen in the log canoe, and in three hours reached a creek where we found four shallops, or skiffs, with several families—I believe they intend to winter here—they had the good luck to avoid the late bad weather. The chief of the Indians came to me—shewed his treaty with the Governor of Halifax, and said he would conduct me to Fort Cumberland. There had been a vessel wreck'd here in the late violent storm—what she is, don't know at present—there is one man saved, who I intend to go see—My brig must have got further than this, if she went off the coast. This river of Merrimack runs up the country a great way—almost meets the river St. John, which falls into the bay of Fundy.

SATURDAY, November 21.

Lodged very comfortably last night with Amand Dugaux, his family, and Nicholas Gautier—in the night the wind had been strong at N. W.—We removed to the south side of the creek, to two deserted houses, better than those on the north side—the Indians here are about fifty fighting men—they are the Merrimacki tribe of Mickmags.

SUNDAY, November 22.

This being a calm day, there came a skiff from the island where the vessel was wrecked; she proves to be the Hulton, Capt. Benjamin Hallowell, belonging to Mr. John Hill of Hull, but freighted from London to Quebec, with twelve hundred barrels of flour, eighty puncheons of English brandy, twenty three bales of goods, and nineteen barrels of hardware. The brandy, and a good deal of the flour was going to Byrn and Brymer of Quebec. There were twelve hands on board—only one saved—he was the mate, a young man from Hull—his name James Pratchell. When he got on shore, he was taken care of by the French from Nipisiquid, who, happily for him, had stopped here.

MONDAY,

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MONDAY, November 23.

HAD a design of going to see the situation of the wreck, but the wind blows too hard.

TUESDAY, November 24.

INTENDED to go to see the wreck to-day, but was stopp'd by the Indians—they told me their chief would come and talk with me, and call a council—they have found a good deal of the brandy, for they are all of them continually drunk—I am afraid of mischief—They did not call a council to-day.

WEDNESDAY, November 25.

WAS got into a little schooner to go to the island, to see the situation of the wreck, when I was called back by the chief, and other Indians. There was likewise the chief of St. John's Indians here. The vessel being cast away, had collected the Indians from all quarters—they called a council—they told me they would endeavour to save all the effects they could out of the vessel, and make a fair declaration of what they saved—that the French should do the same. The chief likewise told me he would send four men to Port Elizabeth land with me and the young man who was saved out of the vessel—I found some good effects from my behaviour to the Indians who brought me along; for they were here, and had told how honestly I had dealt with them. The name of the Indian chief here is Louis Francois, the name of the chief of St. John's tribe is Louis Lamoignon—they had large silver medals of the French king, hanging to ribbons round their necks. In the afternoon went with the French to the island where the wreck was—they had rolled shore two hundred barrels of flour from off the beach, to a place of safety; and there were about one hundred more good upon the beach—I did not discover any brandy, or bales of goods, but believe the French and Indians had hid a large quantity. They brought off fifteen barrels of flour—got back about nine at night.

THURSDAY, November 26.

PICKED up yesterday bundles of English newspapers for twelve months past, with which I am highly entertained—find some of my acquaintance

ried, others dead—some fortunate, others bankrupts—it is great amusement for me, as my mind has fasted so long from any food of this kind.

F R I D A Y, November 27.

CONTINUE still drying and examining the newspapers—the Indians have fixed our departure for to-morrow—The French are very much afraid of the Indians, now they have strong liquor.

S A T U R D A Y, November 28.

THIS morning proved very stormy—the Indians do not go—In the afternoon I was ordered to a council in one of their wigwams *—the council consisted of a dozen—they were all drunk, except the chief and another—they were a long time, before they would permit me to go—They would detain me till the frost sets in, and go by land, for fear of accidents—they said they were masters there; and if they had a mind to keep me three or four months, I must stay. I urged my necessity—pleaded hard for them to permit two of the Frenchmen to go with me, instead of Indians, as I could converse better with them: after long debating, they allowed me to set off in the morning with two Frenchmen.

S U N D A Y, November 29.

A GREAT deal of snow had fallen in the night, and we did not set out—the day proved a mild thawing day—the Indians all met together to worship—they are rigid ceremonious Papists—great bigots—know little of the grounds of their religion; but it is pompous, and that is enough. To show their zeal, where the Frenchmen crossed themselves once, the Indians would do it twice; but their religious zeal is at this time pretty much heated with brandy—their priests must have taken a great deal of pains with them—they sing very well.

* Three or four drunken Indians, with loaded muskets, came, and taking hold of both my arms, a third Indian staggering before me, saying, "La meme chose comme gouverneur Halifax;" by which I must understand him to be as great a man as the Governor of Halifax: When we arrived at the wigwam, the drunken governor of Halifax, pointing to the chief, said in English, "All one, King George."

The

The Canadians will have it in their power to play off the Indians at any time against our back settlements, by encouraging this religious bigotry ; indeed it gains ground in Canada.

M O N D A Y, November 30.

ABOUT ten o'clock we set out in a bark canoe, which I had bought of the savages—there were Nicholas Gautier, Joseph Riſhar, and myself—The young man who was mate of the vessel, is not in a condition to travel—his legs and feet are very much swollen—he proposes to stay till the Indians will let some other Frenchmen go—I left him thirty-two pounds of beaver, and a beaver coat, to dispose of for a supply for him—We got about three leagues—the wind was pretty high, and very cold at north-west.

T U E S D A Y, December 1.

SET out early this morning—the sea was pretty rough, but we were in hopes of its becoming more moderate—the wind was west-north-west—Came to a bay, where we dined—I was very wet, with the sea washing into the canoe ; for we now keep upon the main ocean—Crossed the bay, where I landed, and walked along the beach ; for the canoe was too deep loaded—Had not gone above two miles, when I came to a rivulet—the canoe could not come ashore, the surf was so great—I was obliged to wade over—it took me up to the breast—Carried my beaver coat upon my head, and my memorandum-book in my mouth—thought of Julius Cæsar—When I got over, ran along the beach to keep myself warm—Did not proceed above a mile till we found a convenient place for the canoe to land—here the Frenchmen came ashore—We were obliged to stay all night in a very low wet swamp—the wind north—snows very much.

W E D N E S D A Y, December 2.

LAY very uncomfortably last night—left our canoe, and went to look for a better lodging place—Walked six miles before we could find a wood, it is such low, marshy land—snows hard—wind north—found out at last a convenient place.

T H U R S D A Y,

T H U R S D A Y, December 3.

LAY better last night than the night before, though I find the want of a blanket—a beaver coat is very well while it continues dry, but once wet, it is intolerable—This morning Rishar and Gautier went to the canoe to fetch supplies, and see how the surf was—returned in three hours with some bisket and pork, but it continues to snow worse than yesterday, with the wind strong at south-west—Abundance of broken claws of lobsters, with other shell-fish, were thrown upon the beach in the late stormy weather—the snow incommodes us in our tent very much—the wind has changed—it was with much persuasion I could get the Frenchmen to stay all day, to see what kind of weather it would be—their patience is wore out—they are determined to return.

F R I D A Y, December 4.

THIS morning the Frenchmen went for the canoe—it proved a calm morning—proceeded on our way—I walked upon the beach—When we came to a bay or a river, they took me into the canoe, and ferried me over—Came this day five leagues—we are now fifteen leagues from Merrimichi, at a river called by the Indians Chishibouwack, not above six feet deep—they say it runs a good way up the country—Still continues low good land, very improveable; this will certainly be the granary of North America, when it comes to be well peopled—There have been Indians here, but they are gone up the country—their wigwhams are still standing.

S A T U R D A Y, December 5.

THE night proved very calm; but at six o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow at north-east; soon after, it snowed, and continued so very violently all day—Left our canoe, and went up the creek about a mile; crossed a small river upon the ice, to a deserted house of the French—we found the Indians had been here, but they were gone up the river a hunting—We found the head of a dog smoaked whole, the hair singed off, but the teeth and tongue standing—The Indians, when they make a great feast, kill two or three dogs, which they hold as a high treat—at such times they have a grand dance.

S U N D A Y,

SUNDAY, December 6.

THE Frenchmen tell me, that Captain M'Kenzie went from Nipisiquid in good time; for that the chief of the Nipisiquid Indians was gone up to Joseph Glaud, the chief of the Ristigouch Indians, to persuade him to come down with his Indians; and if Captain M'Kenzie had staid five days longer, no Frenchman would have been removed, for that the Indians would have engaged our troops. This story, however improbable, I understand had been propagated on board my brig—I had found something had frightened the Captain out of his senses, but did not understand what it was before—This morning pleasant, the wind had changed to the south, but the sea was too great to proceed—about ten o'clock, the wind came strong at south-west—it blows a perfect hurricane; and what added to our distress, when we went to pass to our canoe the way we had come, we found the ice was thawed, so that we could not pass the river—We went two miles up the river, but could not get over—returned to our hut—Gautier killed an Indian dog, which was loitering about the hut, in case we could not get to our provision, that it might be a reserve—I put the dried head of the dog in my pocket, in case of extremity—fasted all day—Could not help thinking of that line of Dr. Young, “Poor pensioners on the bounties of an hour.”

MONDAY, December 7.

THIS morning the Frenchmen tried to get over the ice, but it broke in with them—they then made a raft, and got over nearer the sea—About ten o'clock they came with the canoe; and as soon as I had eat, or rather devoured, a salt pork pasty, which the Frenchwomen had made me for my travelling store, we set off, and the day proved a very fine one—I walked all the way, unless when we came to rivers, deep bays, or rocks—Four leagues from where we set off, came to a river, called by the French and Indians Rishibucto—runs twenty leagues up the country—it is a pretty deep river—Went about two leagues further—here we encamped.

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TUESDAY,

T U E S D A Y, December 8.

THE island of St. John appears here very plain—it is about four leagues from hence—a fine low island—the Frenchmen tell me it is near fifty leagues long, and fifteen broad—Six leagues from where we lodged, we came to a river called Bucktough—a league further, another large river, called Cockyne—We travelled ten leagues to-day—the country continues flat—the trees are chiefly pine, red oak, birch, beech—this last wood burns exceeding well.

W E D N E S D A Y, December 9.

THIS proved a fine morning—When we had got two leagues, came to a large river, called Chedaick—a large bay and an island make two entrances—this is the last large river we have to cross—we found it full of loose ice, which made it exceedingly difficult to get over—There were two rivers of smaller note, which I could not learn the names of—A sea-cow lifted its head out of the water, and came swimming after the canoe—the Frenchmen soon shot it—it had 2 large teeth out of water in the upper jaw pointing downwards—these serve for defence, to climb rocks with, &c.—A full grown sea-cow will make two barrels of oil in autumn, when they are fattest—they are easily killed with a ball—very unwieldy—much like Anson's sea-lions—I believe of the same species—this was larger than an ox—The French use the oil of these creatures to their meat—it is to me as rank as seal oil—The most noted places for their present resort, are the islands of Magdelines, and Point Miscou; but the sea-cows, wild fowl, Indians, and beaver, will leave us as we settle in the country, and go to places less frequented—Came this day about nine leagues—I walked all the way, excepting crossing the rivers, &c.

T H U R S D A Y, December 10.

LAST night frosty—the moon shone very bright when we went to sleep; but when we awoke this morning, it was a violent storm at east—Staid in the cabin all day.

F R I D A Y, December 11.

THIS morning, though the wind was pretty high, set off in our canoe—
passed

passed one small river, that runs to the southward—about four leagues from the place we lodged, came to another small river—here we left our canoe, and set out with our baggage to cross the country—they call it ten miles to Bay Verte by land—Going up the river, the ice broke in with the two Frenchmen—they had been obliged to leave their keg of brandy, and had hugged it so close at parting, that they were a little light-headed—Returned back to our canoe, in order to lodge there all night.

S A T U R D A Y, Decéber 12.

SET out this morning before day—went up a creek about a mile, and then took to the woods—There had fallen about a foot deep of snow, and it was froze over at top, so as to make it bear sometimes, and break in at others, with a prodigious number of fallen trees and brooks to cross, with broken wood and thick underbrush, made it almost impassable; these, with about twenty weight of baggage, and a heavy beaver coat I had to carry, made it too much for me—the Frenchmen were much heavier loaded—Sometimes we were obliged to creep on our hands and knees, under fallen trees, to climb over others; branches and stumps running into my legs and face, made it bad beyond description.—I thought I was very unfit to travel; to creep, my temper will not allow me, and to climb does not seem my talent, but to walk upright is my great desire; yet with that method, here, as in the great wood of worldly affairs, you cannot get forward—if you would advance, you must sometimes stoop, sometimes ambitiously climb, sometimes dirty yourself in nasty ways; but at all events, drive thro' thick and thin. Thus moralizing, and stumbling on, push'd forward, with hopes of soon getting out of my difficulties; very often falling, and sometimes fainting, I arrived at Bay Verte, about an hour after sun-set, almost fatigued to death—it would not have been possible for me to have gone half-a-mile farther—Found here some of the French vessels which Captain M'Kenzie had brought off with him, and a party of Highlanders, under a serjeant's command. The fort here is destroyed, and the inhabitants removed—there has been a very pretty village here—the French had a commu-

nication from this place with the island St. John, Louisbourg, &c.—Lay all night in the block-house, or rather guard-house the English are building.

S U N D A Y, December 13.

—WAS very thankful to the almighty Disposer of events, for leading me to a place of safety, and giving me strength and resolution to undergo the different trials I have been exercised with for these six weeks past—Set out to go to Fort Cumberland, called by the French Chignecto—this isthmus is fifteen miles across—pretty good road—Got a soldier to carry my baggage—reached it about sun-set—Fort Cumberland is situated at the top of the bay of Fundy, to the westward—there are two companies of soldiers here; one of Highlanders, another of Rangers—Captain M'Kenzie, of the Highlanders, is gone to Halifax—the commanding officer of the Rangers is Captain Danks—To my great disappointment a vessel had sailed for Boston about a week before, and the bay is now frozen up, which will occasion my stay here some time—*So far the journal.*

A Providential ESCAPE after a SHIPWRECK,
in coming from the Island of ST. JOHN, in the
Gulph of ST. LAWRENCE; with an ACCOUNT of
the FISHERIES round that Island.

I STAYED at Cumberland till the winter was so fixed, as to go to Halifax on snow shoes—this is above an hundred miles—from thence I got a passage to New-England—When I came to Marblehead, I found the brig had got safe there—the master, in his protest, swears that the wind was so high, a boat could not live; when the real truth was, he had been so frightened with the French account of the Indians, that to save himself, he left me to be sacrificed—Some masters of vessels make very free with the wind, when they have occasion to protest.

As I was the first who attempted a fishery in the Bay of Chaleurs, so I was the first Briton who attempted a fishery on the island St. John in the Gulph of St. Lawrence—I had raised two storehouses at St. Peter's, and had employed most of the people on the island in the fishery; I had likewise brought a crew from Marblehead in New-England, to cause an emulation. A year or two after, a London company set up a fishery here, upon such a plan as I knew would be the destruction of any fishery nigh them, and not turn out to their own emolument. The commanding officer, Captain Ralph Hill, had given me a grant of some land, which I looked upon only as temporary; yet I thought it might be a recommendation. Accordingly I sent the grant, with a memorial, the year after, to the Lords of Trade and Plantations; but unfortunately the vessel I sent it by (Captain Seguin) foundered: and when the division of the island was made, I was not considered.

THIS island is exceedingly well situated for a fishery, being clear of fogs. You may conveniently send vessels either to the bay of Chaleurs, to the streights of Bellisle, to the isles of Magdelines, to the coast of Newfoundland, or to the banks either of Nova-Scotia or Newfoundland; not to mention the banks on the north side the island, which I would advise to be used as a family fishery, a *peche sedentaire*. Every farmer there, who lived in the small harbours, might keep what is called a whale boat, and in the months of June, July, August, September and October, go out as opportunity served, and return at night; for you go but a little way out to the banks: not to make an entire business of it, but only when the men could be spared from their husbandry. One of these boats might at an under computation in this kind of fishery, at the fall of the year, be supposed to have an hundred and fifty quintals of fish to sell, besides twenty quintals kept for family use; these, with the oil, would supply them with rum, sugar, melasses, cyder, salt, and other necessaries, for their families; by which means they might gain the whole produce of the land—As the harbours on the north side the island are mostly barred, which, when the wind is northerly, makes a frightful dangerous entrance, I would advise the schooner, or larger cod-fishery, to be fixed in a good harbour, where the resort is the greatest; for two or three days sailing is nothing in this sort of fishery, compared with the other advantages: besides, it gives time for the fish to take salt, therefore I should pitch upon Port-le-joy, or Charlotte town. The sort of vessels most proper on this account, are schooners, about sixty tons; these may go to the banks of Nova-Scotia or Newfoundland, or any where in the gulph—might carry the fish to Europe, or the West Indies. One of these schooners, with six men and two boys, might be expected to make a fare, on an average, in a month; so they would have five fares in the season, making allowance for their coming to discharge—Twelve hundred quintals is a summer's work for vessels of this size, and they might leave off the latter end of October—I should prefer the breast flakes to cure the fish upon, such as they have at Marblehead, in preference to the stages used in Newfoundland.

THERE might likewise be a whale-fishery established here—Vessels may get to the streights of Bellisle, or the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, in good season, before they could arrive from New England—As for the salmon fishery, though there are some rivers here, and on the continent opposite, which abound with them; yet I think not sufficient to make an article of commerce. The same with herrings and mackerel—Upon the coast, there are quantities enough for fresh consumption, and for bait; but not as objects of trade. The great objection to the salmon fishery, is the vast quantity of old wood at the bottoms of the rivers, which choak them up that you cannot draw your nets. The seal and sea-cow fisheries must fail as the inhabitants increase; for these creatures endeavour to get to unfrequented places.

J O U R N A L.

M O N D A Y, December 5, 1763.

SET out by three o'clock in the morning from Fort Amherst on the island St. John in the gulph of St. Lawrence, in a small schooner of Mr. Richardson's, which I had loaded with provisions to carry to my settlement at Bay Verte. The crew consisted of Mr Richardson, John Brown, John Giles, Michael Stably, Jonathan Bramble, myself, and my negro Scipio—the wind was at north—blew pretty brisk. Towards six o'clock, a gale came on at north-west, which obliged us to lay too, as we could not recover Port-le-joy. About eight o'clock it was so violent, could not lay too any longer—put before it under the goose wing of our fore-sail—it blew a perfect hurricane—Expected to founder every minute, as we were poop'd several times. About twelve o'clock made the main land—endeavoured to go into Tatmagooch—could not fetch it, as we could not carry any sail on the vessel—was in hopes of getting into Picou, but could not clear the point of rocks—saw a sandy beach—ran in for shore—struck upon some rocks, at a distance from shore about a mile to my apprehension—knockt off her rudder, but she did not part—ran pretty

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high upon the beach—Advised the people, as they valued their lives, to stay on board, as I knew it was top of high water, and top of spring tides. Though she filled, and the sea broke over us every wave, was in great hopes of its leaving us soon—lashed myself to the shrouds. I had tied a tinder-horn, with flint, steel, and matches, in my neckcloth round my neck, and a handkerchief over it. I told the people of them, in case I did not get alive on shore, that they might make use of them; for I am of opinion more people lose their lives by cold upon these coasts, than are drowned—It snowed, and was excessive cold—About two o'clock, got all safe on shore from the end of the bowsprit, a league from Pictou island—When the tide left us, we got out one barrel of flour, and one of pork, for our present supply—made a large fire in the bushes—John Giles was frost-bitten in his feet.

T U E S D A Y, December 6.

WORK'D all day, in order to get out as much of the cargo as we could—the night's tide had been very high—had drove the vessel high up upon the sand—the gale had continued all night.

W E D N E S D A Y, December 7.

MADE us a camp further up in the woods—went out upon the discovery—went to Point Caribbeau. There are two rivers here, Caribbeau and Pictou: Pictou island is about two leagues from the point—it was never inhabited—a flat low table island—a good channel between it and the main land—Off Caribbeau Point lies a dangerous reef of rocks—The people employed in unloading the vessel upon the beach.

T H U R S D A Y, December 8.

THE place where we went ashore, is very near the river Caribbeau, only a small neck of land betwixt the ocean and the river—Sent out Brown and Bramble in a canoe to find Indians—employed ourselves in making two good tents—Cold frosty weather.

FRIDAY,

FRIDAY, December 9.

THE two men sent in the canoe returned—they could not proceed—the wind was too high, and it began to rain very much.

SATURDAY, December 10.

WE despair of finding any Indians, being the height of their hunting-season—they must be gone up the rivers—We were determined to proceed along the coast to Bay Verte—drew the canoe ashore, and caulked her—Pictou island is reckoned twenty leagues from Bay Verte; but then the coast is very full of bays and rocky points, with reefs of rocks at a little distance from the shore.

SUNDAY, December 11.

WEIGHED out each man fifteen pounds of pork, and the same weight of biscuit or flour; this was as much as we imagined we could carry, with our blankets, hatchets, &c.—We took no guns with us, not expecting any game at this season of the year, and fearing nothing but the difficulties of the way; nor could we carry them with our provisions and cloathing—the wind was too high to set out—Jonathan Giles and Jonathan Bramble so lame, they could not travel; will be obliged to winter here.

MONDAY, December 12.

THE surf is too great to use our canoe, which we intend to take with us as far as we can; afterwards each person to carry his own provisions, &c.—Mr. Richardson much out of order—The island of St. John appears north, distance about eight leagues—high land appears east, which I take to be the island of Cape-Briton, or the land about the gut of Canfo.

TUESDAY, December 13.

THIS morning early, prepared our baggage to go; but the surf was so high could not—consulted about leaving the canoe, and marching on foot—was loth to do it, on account of the bays and rivers being open—advised to stay one night more.

W E D N E S D A Y, December 14.

SET out this morning before sun-rise—Brown and Stably in the canoe with the baggage—Mr. Richardson, Scipio, and myself, walked upon the beach—took leave of Giles and Bramble—I promised to send for them in the spring, as soon as the season would permit. After we had proceeded a little way, found the canoe too small to carry two persons and the baggage—Stably came ashore, as Brown was the better padler—We passed by a great many rocky points, on one of which was a young sea-cow asleep—I went softly up to it before it awoke—exceedingly like Anson's sea-lions; only this had no snout, but a long brizly beard—we had no gun with us—upon Mr. Richardson's advancing, it started and slid down the rock into the sea—it was not quite the size of an ox—Got to-day about six leagues.

T H U R S D A Y, December 15.

THIS morning found a very pretty canoe in the sand, larger than our own—got it out, but the surf was so great, could not launch either of the canoes—took out our baggage, and walked to Tatamagooch harbour, about three miles, where we encamped—Pitched our tent upon the east point of the harbour—made a good tent; though our people are not near so good axe-men as the French Acadians *.

F R I D A Y,

* The manner of encampment is as follows: About half an hour before sun-set, look out a convenient place; that is, where there are small trees of good burning wood, black birch, oak, or beech, such sized trees as you can cut down without a deal of trouble, and near a spring of water, upon a gentle slope; then cut down two small trees, with forks branching out; stick them up slanting to two trees at a distance, according to the size of the front of your tent; then put a ridge pole across them, putting a sufficient number of standard poles to bear your brushes; then fill the back part up with spruce tops, or other brushy wood, leaving the front between the two standing trees open, where you make a good fire at your feet. If the snow is not deep, you scrape the snow away, and cut branches of fir, hemlock, or spruce, which you put upon the ground to lye upon, and cover yourselves with blankets: when the snow is very deep, or you are overtired, put the spruce branches upon the snow, and the fire gradually melts you down to the ground, the water running away under the spruce branches

F R I D A Y, December 16.

THE weather set in very severe—the wind at north-west—could not get up our canoe—There is a small island lies off the bay of Tatmagooch—a very low flat island—in spring time there is good fishing near it—The bay of Tatmagooch is large—runs south-east and north-west—Sent Brown out on the discovery.

S A T U R D A Y, December 17.

BLOWS hard—could not stir out of our tent—Nothing material happened.

S U N D A Y, December 18.

TOWARDS evening the weather moderated so much, that we sent to get the canoes round to the south side the point, where we were encamped, in order to cross over the bay the very first opportunity.

M O N D A Y, December 19.

THE weather very severe—Brown returned—he went round the bay, till he came to a river which was not quite froze over—he could not pass it—Says he saw another large river, which seemed to run south.

T U E S D A Y, December 20.

THE weather very severe—freezes very hard, and blows continually at north-west—our camp smoaks prodigiously—We can see the island of St. John—it bears north, distance about ten leagues.

W E D N E S D A Y, December 21.

SET off this morning to cross the bay—found the wind too high—returned—Mr. Richardson very bad—he has lost his pocket-book, with some receipts and notes in it—Sent Brown to look for it where we made our last tent—in the evening he returned with it.

ches without any inconvenience. The best thing to keep the snow, or wet, from you, is birch bark, which the Indians are never without ; but then it is very troublesome to carry, unless you have a canoe.

THURSDAY,

T H U R S D A Y, December 22.

FREEZES very hard—no passing with the canoe—a great deal of ice in the bay—Mr. Richardson continues very bad.

F R I D A Y, December 23.

THIS morning Brown proposed to go round the bay, over the rivers, if they were frozen; and so, by way of the woods, to Bay Verte—said he was sure he could find the way, as he had been in these parts before, as one of the rangers—I had not confidence enough in him to follow his pilotage; for he shrunk in the storm—Imagine he only wants to get back to Giles and Bramble, to winter there—however, complied so far, as to give him leave to attempt it himself—accordingly he set off—It is twelve leagues from this place to Bay Verte straight course; but so many semicircles of bays, will make the distance very great, if we cannot pass upon the ice—Mr. Richardson something better.

S A T U R D A Y, December 24.

SET off early this morning in the canoe which we had found, as it is much larger than our own—crossed the bay—it is two leagues over—there was a considerable quantity of loose ice—It was a bold undertaking—One league after we crossed the bay, came to a sort of an island at the mouth of the bay of Ramshick, where we were obliged to land; for the loose ice was so far from shore, could not proceed—Pitched our tents for all night.

S U N D A Y, C H R I S T M A S - D A Y.

BID farewell to our canoe, and set off on foot with our baggage—I had a very bad pack to walk with—We all took our own packs—I would not let any one favour me—The tide was in, and we were obliged to climb steep banks at a great many bluff headlands—came down the bay about two leagues, and encamped—A very cold night.

M O N D A Y, December 26.

CAME about a mile, and was stopt by a river—it was open at the mouth, and

and whether frozen above is uncertain—Employed ourselves in making a raft to ferry over—Scipio bears the cold very poorly.

T U E S D A Y, December 27.

SET off on the raft—strove two or three hours; but the wind and tide would not let us get over—I find I have been too lavish with my bread—confined myself to a bisket a-day, of bread kind *.

W E D N E S D A Y, December 28.

SET off by land up the river—came to a bay, about a mile from the entrance, where we passed over on the ice—About three miles further, came to a creek that turned to the southward—passed it with difficulty—marched two miles further, and encamped—This river, or rather bay of Ramshick, runs west—the tide rises seven or eight feet.

T H U R S D A Y, December 29.

ABOUT three miles from the last camp, passed over a large river, that runs south-west; and a mile further, passed over the chief river or bay; for now the snow and ice will hardly let us distinguish which it is—Passed along on the north side, and came to a creek which made an island—We walked round another bay, which runs east and west—we had gone about six miles, and came to the same creek we had passed in the morning—this chagrined us very

* For instruction to those who may be so unhappy hereafter as to be in the same situation, or may have occasion to traverse the woods in America, I will set down the manner of making the provisions hold out. The best sort for this purpose (if you have the choice when you set off), is fat salt pork and bisket—I will suppose you to have a tin kettle to dress your victuals in, as it is of light carriage—Salt pork is much preferable to beef; for it will dress what fresh meat you may have the good luck to kill, either fowl or fish—Should you be put to very short allowance, take a piece of pork, (what you think you can prudently spare), cut it into very small pieces, and put as much water to it when cooked, as will barely season it; break your bisket, and stew it well, and you will find a little satisfy you—On no account broil your pork, for that is very great waste in these cases, and it makes the salt more poignant, which irritates your stomach.

much—Went about two miles on the south side, and found some deserted houses—lodged here, and regaled ourselves with clams *.

F R I D A Y, December 30.

It snowed very hard this morning—got round the bay about noon—there was only one small creek on the north side—Came to the main ocean—walked about a league, and pitched our tent—was very apprehensive of a bad season.

S A T U R D A Y, December 31.

LAST night it snowed all night—Stably and Scipio in despair—afraid we shall never reach a place of safety—Snowed all day—could not march—confined myself to half a biscuit a-day of bread kind—blows very hard at north-east.

S U N D A Y, January 1, 1764.

SET off this morning—found it exceeding bad travelling—there was about a foot of snow, and the shore full of rocks—got very little way—did not go above four miles to-day, and was excessively fatigued—Begin this year with a dismal prospect—twenty-four miles yet to travel upon a line, which coasting along the sea-shore, doubles the distance, with two rivers to pass, and the ice at present will not bear where there is a tide; add to these, our provisions almost done, and our people very much disheartened—are afraid they must perish with cold and hunger.

M O N D A Y, January 2.

SET off this morning, and tried the woods; but the snow lay so light there, and the underbrush was so thick, it made it as bad as the beach—We had choice of difficulties, as general Wolfe expresses it at the taking of Quebec—Lost our way in the woods—Mr. Richardson was for turning back, but I was for proceeding—At length we recovered the sea coast, where we had so many rocks

* Clams are shell-fish, found in the mud or sand, about a foot down—you know where they are, by their spouting up water—they are of an oval form, smooth shell, about the size of a Colchester oyster, very like the shell fish found in our ponds—eat very well stewed in their own liquor.

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and headlands to pass, and we fell so often, that it fatigued us almost to death—Did not get above three miles to-day,—were so wearied, that we lay upon the snow, and could not make a camp.

T U E S D A Y, January 3.

IT froze last night, which makes the ice and snow, thrown up upon the beach, to bear us better than before—got this day near six miles, to a bay and a river called Ouishimaguak, where we encamped—Mr. Richardson has lost one of our hatchets, which is a great loss to us in our present circumstances—After we had encamped, went to examine the river—found it full of broken loose ice—till now, Mr. Richardson had behaved with great fortitude; but the difficulty of passing this river, in our present situation, overwhelmed him; and he gave way to the despair which had seized my other two followers—I used all the arguments I was master of—bid them compare their present situation to that we were in during the storm—whether they would not at that time have thought themselves very happy to have been where they now are?—that if it was the will of the Almighty that we perish here, we ought to resign with a good grace; for we had enjoy'd more than our share of life and happiness, taking in all that are born—that death was intended to be a relief, whenever pain, infirmity, or sickness grew so great as to render us unable to bear them any longer—that as Christians, we were further encouraged with the hopes of immortal happiness; provided we patiently waited the will of the Author of our beings, and not impiously arraign his providence—that it was our duty to use our endeavours to save our lives, and leave the event to him—that they were sensible I had never declined my share of fatigue (and as I think, a leader, whether of a small or large party matters not, should be a leader where there is danger)—I told them, that in the morning I would attempt to cross the river—that I would leave my provisions with them; and if I miscarried, it would help to keep them alive two or three days longer; in which time, in all probability, the river would be fastened; and as they had not above three or four days march to Bay Verte, they might save their lives—These arguments I found quieted them a little, and as

we sat round our fire in silent mood, it put me in mind of those lines of the great master of human nature, our immortal Shakespeare; who paints so lively, one would think he had actually been in every situation he describes:

“ While some like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,

“ With patience sit, and *inly ruminatè the morning's danger.*”

—K. RICHARD III.

W E D N E S D A Y, January 4.

WAS stirring early this morning—got some long poles cut—twisted some birch sticks round them, to keep them about the distance of ladder poles from each other—wratled small birch in them, and made good ladders, with two of which, and a long pole in my hand, I attempted to cross the river—Shove the ladders from one cake of ice to another, and got safe over; but was driven up some way by the tide—After I had landed safe, the rest followed over with the baggage, and we proceeded on our way—About three miles from this bay, we came to the river Philip, which we passed on the ice, after walking up the river a little way—soon after we encamped—We are now in great expectation of saving our lives—The people's bread all gone, gave them a little out of my savings.

T H U R S D A Y, January 5.

SET out very early this morning—walked about six miles—saw some sea-cows upon the rocks—Mr. Richardson intercepted two calves, and easily killed them—they were very fat like seals—Stopt and made a fire—dressed some of the sea-veal, which we eat greedily—it would at another time have tasted very strong; but now we thought it very delicate—hung the remainder up in a tree—made a mark where to find it again, in case of necessity—Proceeded about two miles further, where we encamped.

F R I D A Y, January 6.

A FINE morning—walked along in good spirits—About noon it snowed, and the wind came very cold at north-west—it was very bad walking; we were obliged to wade up to the knees to pass a point of rocks—Scipio frost-bitten,

his

his hands and feet very bad—Stably frost-bitten slightly—When we came to Tidnish, found it froze over to Bay Verté—I was obliged to assist Scipio in getting forwards—he was so sleepy, he would fain have lain himself down and died—About a quarter of a mile before we came to the settlement, we were met by some soldiers and inhabitants, who carried Scipio in—we got there about an hour after sun-set, and thanked God for our deliverance.—After I got into a house, refrained from going immediately to the fire—put my hands and feet in cold water—often shifted—rubbed my hands with snow till they ached very much; then rubbed them with flannel—approached the fire gradually, and in a little time found myself quite well. *So far the Journal.*

It perhaps may be agreeable to the reader to know how the rest of the crew fared—Mr. Richardson was a long time before he recovered his health and spirits—Stably was a considerable time lame, but lost no joint—the negro, notwithstanding all the assistance given him which the place afforded, lost three of his fingers and two of his toes—Brown could not get round the bay of Tatmagooch, so returned to the camp to Giles and Bramble—About the middle of April, I sent a shallop to search for them, who found them, and brought them off—They had passed the winter comfortably, considering their situation, having plenty of provisions—They informed me that the provisions upon the beach, especially the salt fish, had brought down a number of bears, and lucervi's, or wild cats; but that they had defended themselves against them, by making large fires at the front of their hut—(they had muskets, and two young Newfoundland dogs with them)—these wild beasts will not meddle with man, if they have any thing else to eat, unless they are attacked, or have tasted human blood—Their store-hut had been accidentally set on fire, which burnt up a quantity of beaver, and other furs, and the cargo on the beach was entirely destroyed.

IT may be expected, that some account of the country in general, is subjoined, as my stay and situation in North America afforded me a greater opportunity than most people who go there.

FROM the Bay of Chaleurs to the Bay of Fundy, there is a quantity of fine level land, which, when cultivated, will produce any sort of grain which grows in England—the soil is a red loam and deep—There are low lands, with white pine trees—where they grow it will be fit for meadows in general—the marshes, or salt water meadows, are not so good on the gulph of St. Lawrence's side as they are on the bay of Fundy—the marshes there are the very Egypt of North America—they are a mere bed of marl, and are so strong and deep they will never be worn out—for the present I would not advise the inhabitants to raise grain upon them—it requires more trouble and expence to subdue the grass roots and seeds, than the present condition of the inhabitants can bear—it therefore would be more eligible to keep them entirely in meadows; this will enable them to breed and fatten cattle, to make what butter and cheese they pleased. If they buy their bread for the present, the other articles will find them with that and every thing else—Should they attempt to raise grain, let them try the up-land, manured with marsh mud; though indeed their being able to maintain such a number of cattle, will procure them dung enough; and as their meadows will never want any, they may put it all on their up-land. This part of the country wants nothing but men and money, to make it the most flourishing spot in America, or perhaps on the globe.

THE land from the bay of Fundy to the western ocean, is various; there are a great many mountains, especially as you approach the western ocean, which makes this part of the country not so valuable. The land from Bay Verte to Pictou, along the sea coast, is very good deep red mould; better land than on the island St. John, which is opposite to it. The land on this island is in general warm light land; will sooner make a show of vegetation, but is

not so strong and deep as the land upon the continent, which will last longer—There has been a fire about seventy years ago, which passed almost through the whole island, and burnt up a great deal of the soil, so that you soon come to the gravel; and their salt marshes are good for little, being spongy mossy ground. Up some of the rivers, and in some of the bays, the land is better, and the soil deeper.

I WAS called to this island upon a very disagreeable subject, and in a very unseasonable time of the year, to the great hazard of my life—it was to examine, and put a stop to depredations made in the white pine timber, at a place called Three Rivers. When I arrived there, I found them destroying the finest grove of white pines that America could boast of, as the following declaration will testify:

Nova-Scotia, to wit,

JEAN Lebland, an Acadian, who hath taken the oaths of allegiance and fidelity to his majesty King George the third, and being of lawful age, testifieth and saith, That he, this deponent, together with Jean Magdeline, Simeon Lebland, Piere Cormé, Jean Cormé, Piere Arseno, Piere Purrie, Cyprian Gallan, and Joseph Rishar, Acadians, were employed, about nine months ago, to cut down white pine timber at Three Rivers on the island of St. John, by Mr. William Livingston there; and that he the deponent, together with the other said Acadians, cut down, and felled upwards of twelve hundred white pine trees; and that two hundred of the said trees were more than two feet thro' at the butt where they were cut, which was about two and a half feet from the earth; and that the rest of the said pine trees were upwards of twelve inches over. And he, the deponent, further saith, *that all the said pine trees, so cut and felled, grew within less than one hundred and fifty yards of high water mark.*

(Copy)

Test JOHN SAVAGE.

(Signed)

his

JEAN X LEBLAND.

Mark.

TRURO, November 19th, 1768.

Halifax

PERSONALLY appeared before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the county aforeaid, the above-named Jean Lebland, and being cautioned and examined to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, made oath, that the above declaration, by him subscribed, is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Copy)

his

Sworn before me

DAVID ARCHIBALD, J. P. }

JEAN X LEBLAND.

Mark

Halifax, Nova-Scotia.

I WILLIAM NESBIT, notary and tabillion public, by royal authority duly admitted and sworn, and now residing at Halifax, do hereby attest, testify and declare, to all whom it may concern, that the above writing is a true and perfect copy of the original declaration and affidavit, made by the above-named Jean Lebland, before David Archibald, [L. S.] Esq; and that I compared the above copies with said original, and they exactly agree: And do further certify, that said David Archibald, before whom the same was taken, is one of his Majesty's [Copy.] Justices of the Peace for the county of Halifax; and that to his acts as such, faith and credit is to be given, as well in as out of court. In testimony of which, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed my notorial seal of office, this second of December, 1768.

W. NESBITT, N. P.

Of what importance the preservation of these white pine trees is looked upon by our government, may be best judged by the fines the persons would have been subject to; for what were destroyed in this declaration, had they been

been convicted, the fines would have amounted to twenty-three thousand pounds sterling; however, I never received any the least reward for my services this way, no salary being annexed to a deputy, and it was with great difficulty I recovered the money I expended in paying the men's hire who went with me, to preserve what remained for his Majesty's use *.

I WILL conclude this narrative with my free thoughts upon the present situation of affairs in North America; being an Englishman, on the one hand, and having some knowledge of the people there, from my long residence amongst them on the other, gives me a pretence to impartiality; neither side must expect to be favoured; and if I should be so happy as to point out a way for reconciliation, it will be doing my country and North America essential service. The flames have unhappily been blown up by designing men, on both sides. Treating on this subject at this time, is putting one's self in the situation of an arbitrator, where, if you please *both sides*, you will be certainly *right*; or, if you please *neither side*, you will *not be very wrong*.

ON the part of America, they say, can candour expect that young growing provinces, at present not very much debauched, will subject themselves *and their future improvements* to be assessed entirely at the *will* of an House of Commons, whose interest it is to tax them, and who they know to be a very partial and unfair representation of the people at large; and who, they say, are under the influence of a state one hundred and thirty millions in debt, whose peace establishment is near seven millions, and yet, in the opinion of very sensible men not so essentially strong as at the revolution (if you exclude the trade and

* Persons who do not know me, may imagine I ventured my life in an open boat of eighteen feet keel, at that season of the year, in expectation of recovering the fines—No!—I knew when the information was made, that it was out of time, by the law, to recover the fines; but a sense of my duty would not let me see the whole of such a fine grove entirely destroyed, as it in all probability would have been the ensuing winter—My zeal for securing future masts for the navy, or my knowledge where the white pine trees grow, avail little, as I have no party nor parliamentary interest.

growth of the colonies)? Is this step reasonable? every man of thought knows it cannot be; for what the present tax would raise, that they oppose—No: the Americans dread the precedent; they dread being made a *fund* for quartering pensioners upon, as they say Ireland is; and as the country grows, they imagine their burden must be increased:—they tremble for their posterity, if such precedents are established, and such plans pursued. On the other hand, we have brought them up, supported and protected them, and must protect them still at a great expence; it is therefore very fit and reasonable, that they should bear a part of the burden—that they should acknowledge the jurisdiction of Great Britain.

To reconcile these points, I propose,

FIRST, To *repeal* the late acts, (nay, startle not at the word, till you hear me out); for if they are *unreasonable*, they *ought* to be repealed, and if it be for the advantage of the whole, how can it be refused? The act for blocking up the port of Boston, if a reconciliation takes place, will be void of course. And what signifies it whether the council be appointed here or there? there will be only two branches in any government in America; for where the governor and council are appointed by the king, these are only one branch of government, and the house of representatives the other—where the people chuse the council and representatives, they make but one branch of government, and the governor the other: till there is an independent middle branch, like our House of Lords, there will remain but two branches.—I say, what advantage can any minister receive from a change of the form of government, who has the good of the whole at heart, and no particular sinister end in view?—surely the making the subjects happy, is the highest and most laudable exertion of the prerogative of the crown; and that, I am certain, will best be done, by letting the people continue their old form of government; and convincing them that the order, peace, and safety of the whole community is the ultimate point the ministry are pursuing. In lieu of these acts, I would have a law passed, to lay a tonnage (I wish I had another word for it) upon all the vessels in America, foreigners, coasters, fishermen,

men, and river craft; let it be so light as not to burden trade in any particular part; let this be applied solely for the use of the navy; it will be a compensation for their protection—there will not be occasion for one new officer to be appointed—the present officers of the customs might receive the money, and it would be under the plan for the regulation of trade—It would raise more money than the present hated internal tax does, be an acknowledgement of the jurisdiction of Great Britain, and would operate itself without an army to enforce it. By the same act, government should disclaim any right to internal taxes; this, I believe, would entirely quiet the uneasiness and apprehensions in the people.

OR, suppose a congress from the different provinces was to meet, in order to settle their respective quotas of a *modus* to be offered to government, in lieu of all future internal taxes; this *modus* to be regulated by our land-tax, fixed at one shilling in the pound—At two shillings, it would then raise double; at four shillings, it would be four times the sum. With this method they would carry their proportion of expences, war or peace, with us, without a requisition.

THE congress to meet once in seven years, to new regulate the *modus*, in case the circumstances of any of the provinces should so considerable vary as to require it.

THE money arising, to be applied to the service of the navy, and each province left to raise it in their own way.

SUPPOSE the following quotas:

South Carolina to raise	8000l.	New-York,	7000
North Carolina,	5000	Connecticut,	6000
Virginia,	8000	Rhode Island,	3000
Maryland,	6000	Massachusetts,	7000
Pennsylvania,	8000	New Hampshire,	3000
Jersey's,	5000		—

At one shilling in the pound land-tax, £. 66,000

So, when the land-tax was three shillings in the pound here, they would raise, according to this estimate, one hundred and ninety-eight thousand pounds. The two Floridas, Georgia, Nova-Scotia, the island St. John, and Newfoundland, are too weak to expect any thing from them yet: they require protection from us.

THE sending fleets and armies to force the North Americans into a compliance with the late acts of parliament, will only strengthen them; the money spent amongst them, and the desertion of our men, will increase their power in a surprising ratio.

THESE are my thoughts upon the New England acts: as for the Quebec act, I look upon it if it be not repealed, it will be the death warrant for thousands of thousands. The Canadians are bigotted, and have infused the same spirit into the barrier of Indians; the line of protestant governments are equally zealous for their religious tenets; and though the fire may not break out yet, some future day will see the people madly cutting one another's throats for their particular opinions, (for of all wars, a religious one is the most bloody, and lasts the longest), and the weakest in this contest must give way. It should be considered, that a protestant will not be suffered quietly to enjoy life and his religion in a Roman catholic government, while quiet papists may enjoy theirs in a protestant government. If it be intended to continue the Canadians with their present form of government, as a check to stop the growth of the free protestants, this will not gain the end proposed; for they should consider, that the increase of one and a half millions of people, will surely be an overmatch for that of an hundred and fifty thousand, without considering that the protestant free governments will increase more in proportion than the slavish popish ones; as is very evident from the great disproportion of the growth of Canada and New-England, which began much about the same time.

To give a proof what great influence the priests have over the superstitious, ignorant, credulous Indians; and how ready they are to revolt, whenever the French shall judge a favourable opportunity offers, let the following anecdote suffice.

IN

IN the summer of 1765, the Indians collected themselves together at the river St. John, in the Bay of Fundy, and came up in a body to Fort Cumberland, in order to pass over to Bay Verte, to the great terror of the English settlers in those parts. They gave out there was a French fleet arrived in an harbour in the gulph of St. Lawrence; and they made use of threatening language. I offered my service to Capt. Blundell Dalton, then commanding officer of Fort Cumberland, to go with an officer and a party of soldiers, to examine into the truth of this story. Accordingly I went with Lieutenant Handfield, and some soldiers, and searched the coast; but found not the least sign of any fleet. We came back, and quieted the minds of the inhabitants; for which service I received the thanks of governor Wilmot; but it was not till long after, that I knew the occasion of this meeting, which was on the following account.

SOMETIME before, there had been a French smuggling vessel upon the coast, on board of which was an artful priest, who had told the Indians, that the Pope had received a letter from Jesus-Christ; copies of which his Holiness had been so good as to send to them by him, for which they must pay him thirty pounds of beaver (worth about seven pounds sterling) for each copy; and if they would follow the orders in that letter, a French fleet would come at such a time, and drive the English from their country: in expectation of meeting this fleet the Indians were collected. The conditions in the letter were, "that
 " the Indians should refrain, such a limited time, from drinking rum or cyder,
 " (the strong liquors the English could furnish them with); they had liberty
 " to drink claret or brandy (what the smuggler was loaded with); and that
 " they should not let the English read one of these letters." I saw one of them hanging to a ribbon, round the neck of a chief, guarded with eight or ten folds of bark—the Indian would have parted with his life as soon as with this paper. There was a Frenchman in company with us at that time (a Jesuit), who defended this step, and said there was neither absurdity nor impossibility in it. He had even the address to reconcile the disappointment to the Indians, by telling them, it was their own faults; for they had broke the agreement them-

selves; several of the Indians having confessed to him they had drank rum, and cyder, within the time limited, so could not expect a fleet. With regard to the Pope's receiving a letter from above, he said by a letter was meant any message or intimation, however conveyed; communicated sometimes one way, and sometimes another. It was not merely the paper and marks which constituted a letter; a blind man would say he received a letter, though he could neither see the paper or marks; but had the message communicated to him by his sense of hearing: and it was his belief, that his Holiness (meaning the Pope) corresponded daily with the blessed Virgin and Son, in order to know the will of the Father; which letters, or messages, are brought by the messenger the Holy Ghost. He urged, likewise, that the protestants themselves must believe in such communication, by their form of making their bishops—What else do they mean by the influence of the Spirit? what else by the communion of saints? Or what do the New England men mean, added he, by their call to the ministry? not surely the call of their congregation, but this message which we daily pray for, those divine impulses, which are surer messages than can be communicated either by our eyes or ears. I hinted their scheme favoured too much of design and temporal advantage, by requiring payment, and insisting upon the Indians not letting the English examine the copies. His answer was, that the protestants joined their temporal with their eternal interest, more so than the catholics did; that the Indians must know it cost a great deal of money to fit out a vessel to bring such joyful tidings to them: besides, paying for the copies gave the Indians an opportunity of showing their zeal, which in a good cause is very commendable. They likewise had free leave to communicate it to any of the faithful; indeed to heretics and infidels, it would be casting pearls before swine. I thanked him for the compliment—This confounded him, and made even a Jesuit blush: for he found his zeal had got the better of his good manners.

T H E E N D.

